

BLACK FURY
No. 7

THE WONDER HORSE



BLACK FURY

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢



CRICARDANO

BLACK FURY

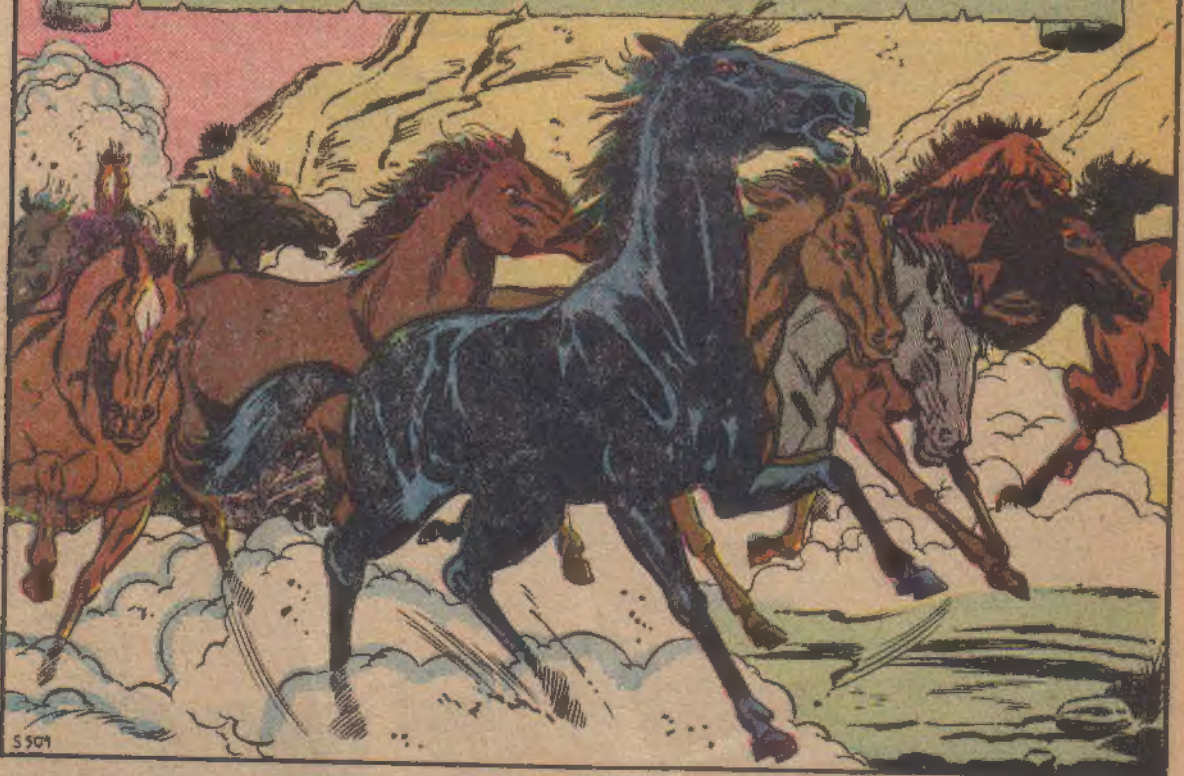


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Alfred P. Fago Executive Editor

BLACK FURY TWO OF A KIND

NO FINER STALLION EVER HERDED A MANADA OVER THE RANGE! HE WAS LIGHTNING WRAPPED IN HORSEFLESH... AND HIS HOOFBEATS DRUMMED THUNDER! HE HAUNTED THE DREAMS OF EVERY MUSTANGER WHO HAD EVER GLIMPSED HIM! HE WAS... **BLACK FURY!**



MARK MY WORDS... BLACK FURY'S ONE MUSTANG THAT'LL NEVER BE CAUGHT!

HMPF... LUKE BLEAR CATCHES 'EM ALL!

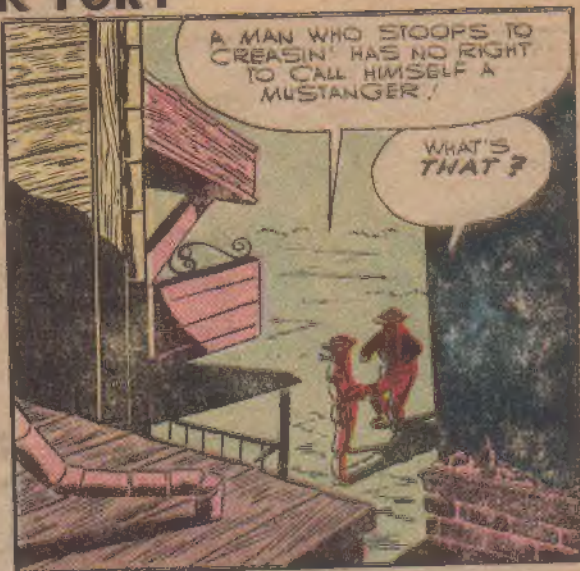


SEE MY ROAN? THERE WAS A TIME WHEN FOLKS WERE SAYIN' THE SAME THING ABOUT HIM! BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THIS HERE MUSTANGER GOT AFTER...

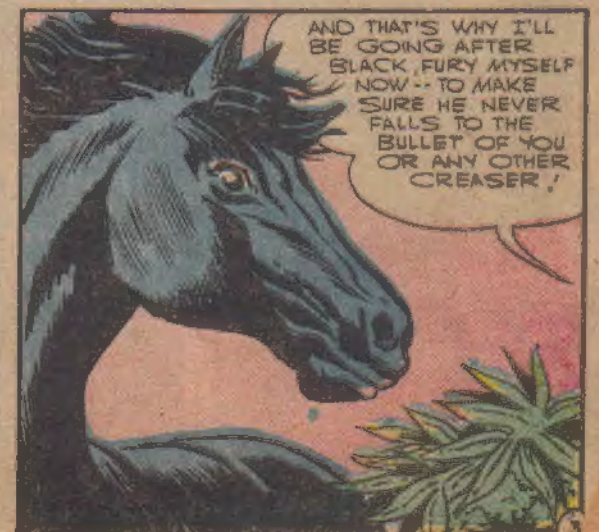
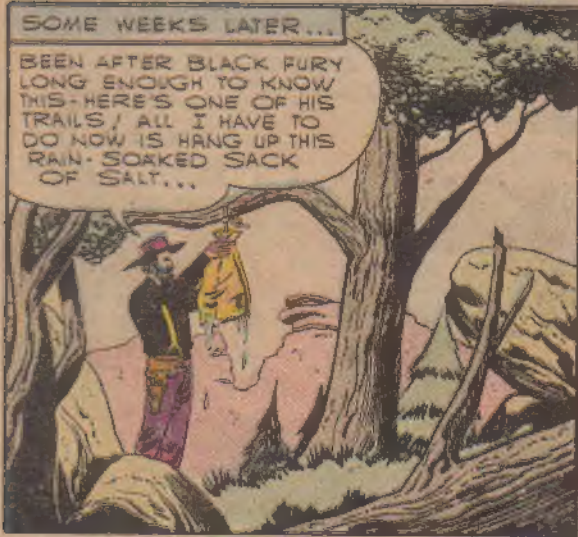
HEY, WHAT'RE YOU LOOKIN' AT, STRANGER?



BLACK FURY



BLACK FURY



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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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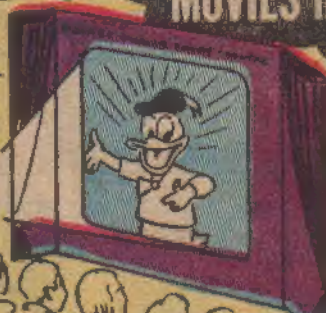
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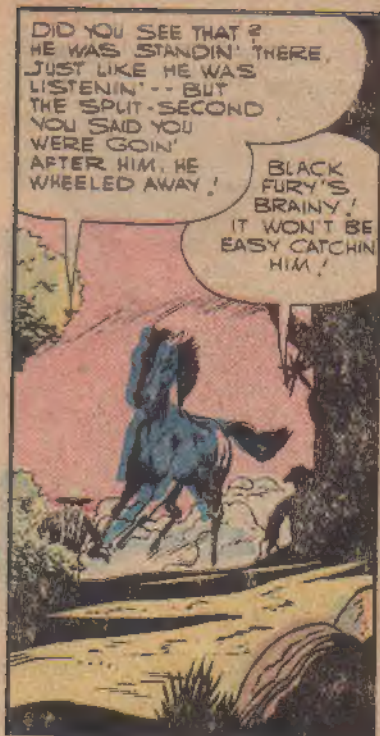
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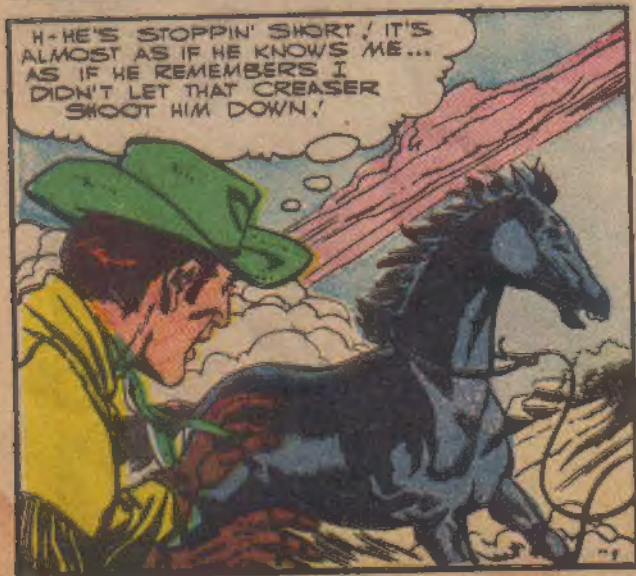
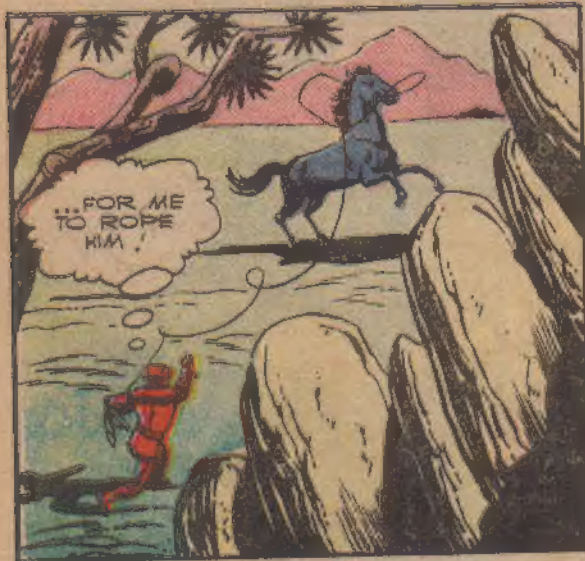
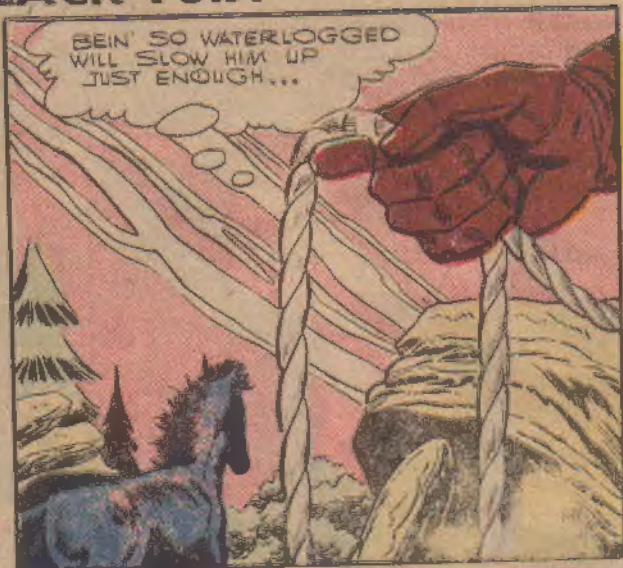
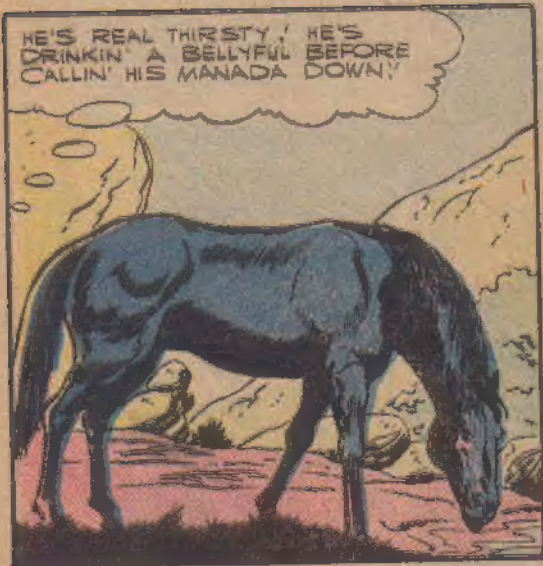
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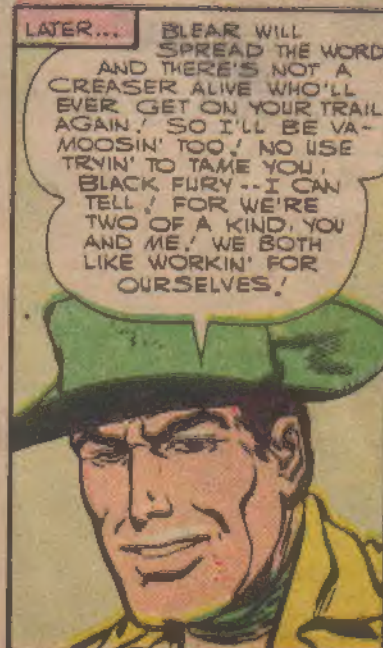
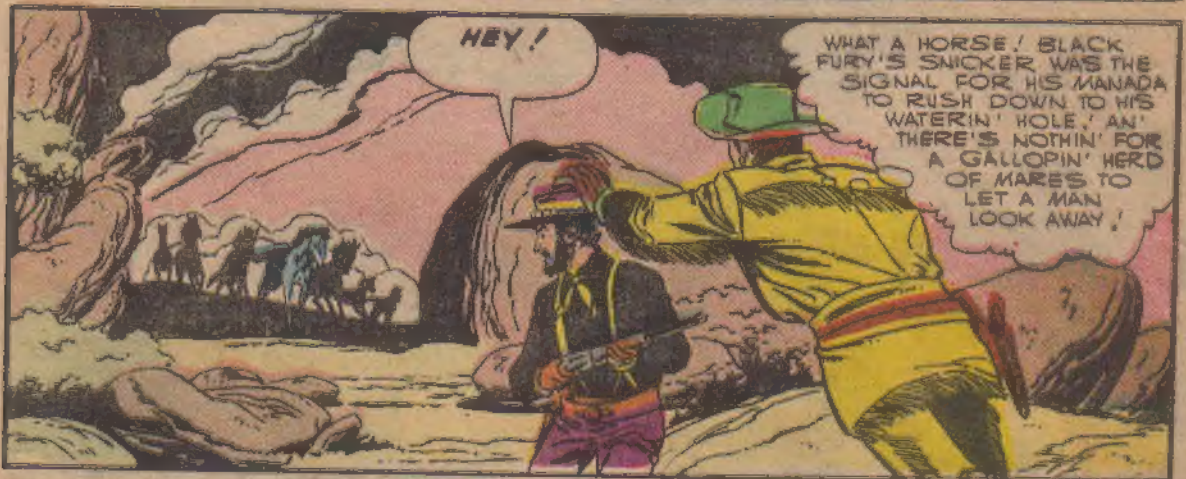
BLACK FURY



BLACK FURY



BLACK FURY

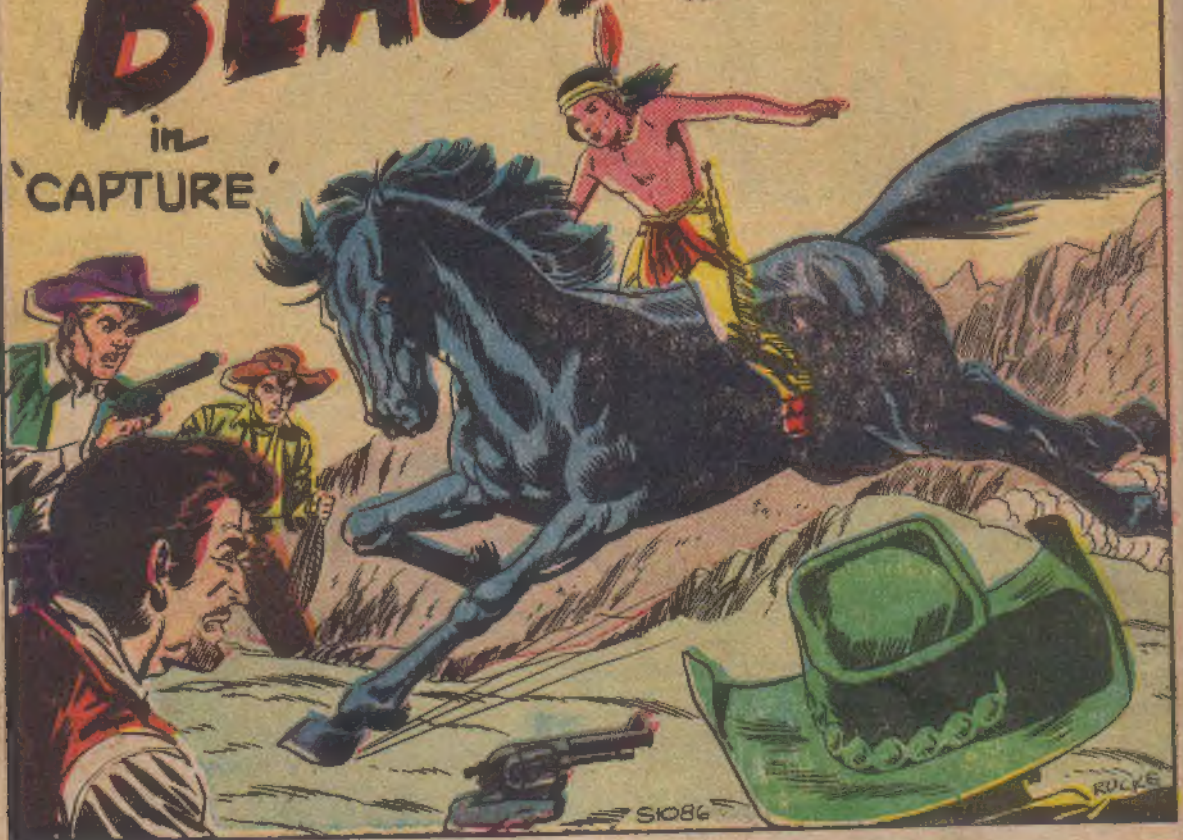


BLACK FURY

ROAMING THE PLAINS AT THE HEAD OF HIS HERD, THE MAGNIFICENT BLACK FURY RULED ALL HE SURVEYED! FREE AS THE WIND WAS HE, DEFYING EVERY TRICK OF MAN WHO TRIED TO BRIDLE! BUT EVEN BLACK FURY HAD ONE WEAKNESS, THAT HAD BEEN BORN OF THE KINDNESS OF LITTLE HAWK, AND IT WAS THAT ONE WEAKNESS THAT SAM BAXTER PLANNED TO USE TO HIS OWN ADVANTAGE!

BLACK FURY

in
'CAPTURE'



LITTLE HAWK, THE SON OF CHIEF RED FEATHER, HAD BEEN COMING TO THE FLAT ROCK ABOVE THE PLATEAU FOR THREE YEARS! THERE HE WOULD STAND, AND WHISTLE, AND OUT OF THE DEPTHS OF THE PLAINS A BEAUTIFUL BLACK HORSE WOULD COME TO HIM...



LITTLE HAWK WAS HIGHLY PRIVILEGED AND HE KNEW IT WELL! BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, WHERE IN ALL THE WEST COULD ONE FIND ANOTHER BOY WHO COULD TALK THE LANGUAGE A HORSE COULD UNDERSTAND?

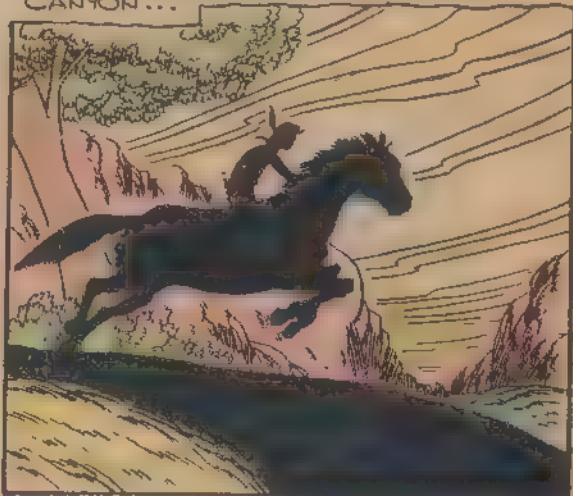


BLACK FURY

THEY UNDERSTOOD EACH OTHER, SO THAT WHEN LITTLE HAWK SPRANG ASTRIDE THE GREAT BLACK CHARGER, THEY WERE IN COMPLETE ACCORD WITH ONE ANOTHER...



AND LITTLE HAWK WOULD RIDE ACROSS THE PLAINS TOWARD WILD HORSE CANYON...



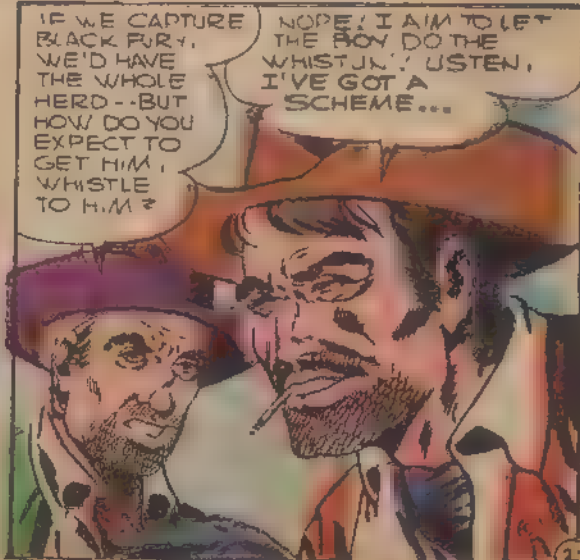
PERHAPS IT WAS BECAUSE LITTLE HAWK HIMSELF WAS A WILD CREATURE THAT HE AND BLACK FURY UNDERSTOOD EACH OTHER. THEY WOULD RIDE ACROSS THE PLAINS, LEADING ALL THE WILD HORSES IN A ROARING STAMPEDE ACROSS THE PLAINS...

ONE DAY SAM BAXTER, A HORSE TRADER, WATCHED...

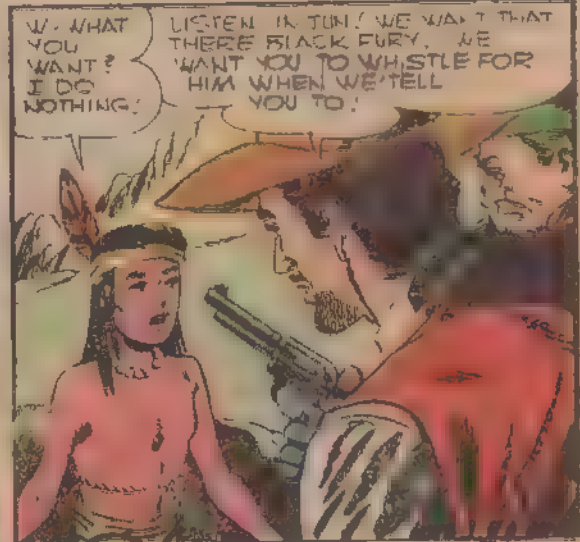


IF WE CAPTURE BLACK FURY, WE'D HAVE THE WHOLE HERD--BUT HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO GET HIM, WHISTLE TO HIM?

NOPE, I AM TO LET THE BOY DO THE WHISTLING! LISTEN, I'VE GOT A SCHEME...



BLACK FURY



BLACK FURY

THE HORSE SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND THE BOY'S WARNING! BUT AS THE ANIMAL

IN A MIGHTY LEAP HOWEVER, THE GREAT BLACK HORSE SPRANG INTO THE AIR-- CLEARING HIS WOULD-BE CAPTORS.



LITTLE HAWK WAS TAKEN INTO THE HILLS! THERE HE WAS TIED AND MADE TO SLEEP ON THE BARE GROUND! HE WAS FRIGHTENED, BUT LIKE A GOOD SON OF RED FEATHER, HE DID NOT LET HIS CAPTORS KNOW IT...



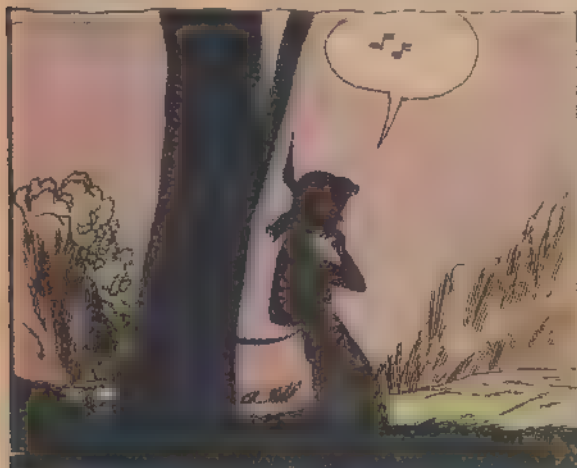
BLACK FURY

WHAT NO ONE KNEW WAS THAT BLACK FURY HAD FOLLOWED THE TRAIL THE MEN HAD TAKEN, SOME DEEP SENSE TOLD HIM WHERE TO GO, AND WHEN HE HAD COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE, HE KNEW JUST HOW FAINTLY TO WHINNY OVER THE STILL NIGHT AIR...



IT IS BLACK FURY! I HEAR HIM CALL!

LITTLE HAWK GAVE A LOW WHISTLE, SO LOW THAT NONE OF THE MEN SLEEPING NEARBY, WERE AWAKENED...



♪ ♪



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HERE I AM, BLACK FURY! QUIET, DON'T WAKE UP WHITE MEN!

BLACK FURY BENT HIS NOSE TO THE ROPE AND SHARP TEETH BROKE THE STRANDS LIKE PIECES OF GRASS.



BUT JUST AS LITTLE HAWK SPRANG ASTRIDE THE HORSE...

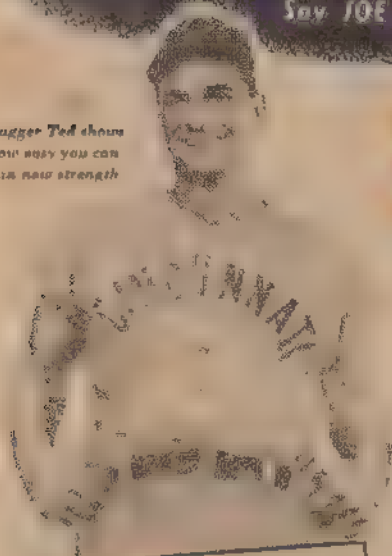


LOOK! GET UP YOU MEN! GET EM

WE'LL RIPPLE YOUR BODY WITH MUSCLES and LOAD T.N.T. IN YOUR FISTS

Say JOE LOUIS and TED KLUSTEWSKI

Sluggo Ted shows how easy you can gain new strength



Let Champions give you power and confidence...they promise build new muscles in 10 days

I wish you could come with Ted and me to Lou Stulman's famous training headquarters see for yourself how the Champions build their bodies and keep physically fit. It's easy to do and lots of fun!

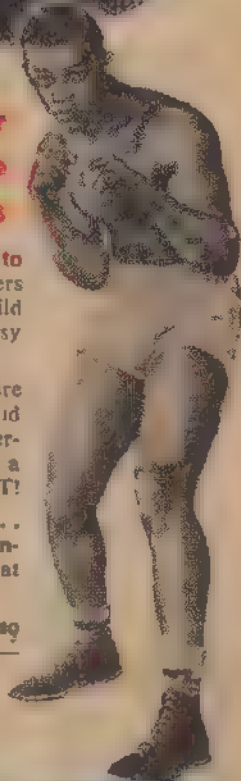
Are you fat and flabby? Watch Ted show his surefire method to remove fat. Tired and nervous? See Kid Gavilan's tested plan to liven you up. Want powerful shoulders? Football star Doak Walker has a proven body builder that gives you results...FAST!

If you want to be a star athlete or look like one... let these great Stars and me help you. Just 15 minutes a day makes you a real man — no matter what your size. Find out by mailing the coupon.

I'll send you my "Fight Secrets" for just 10c — so that you'll be sure to write me. Get off the bench — into the game. Send me the coupon right now!

Sincerely,

Joe Louis



Are You...

- Weak • Skinny
- Fat and Flabby
- Always Being Picked On?

Act Now... LET THESE CHAMPIONS POINT YOUR WAY TO ATHLETIC GLORY



BOB COUSY shows you how to sharpen your reflexes and develop stamina—no matter what your size—for basketball...handball... **IN LITTLE TIME**



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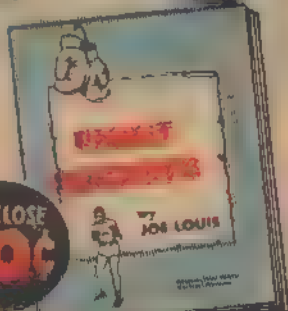


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Dear Joe

- ☐ Please send me absolutely FREE a full and complete explanation of how the National Sports Council can build me the right kind of body.
- ☐ Enclosed is 10c. Please include your famous book FIGHT SECRETS.

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BLACK FURY

BLACK FURY WHINNED LOUDLY, AND RAISED TO HIS MIGHTY HAUNCHES, BUT THE MEN CAME AT HIM...



LITTLE HAWK SPOKE TO THE HORSE AND THE ANIMAL GAVE AN ORDER TO THE HERD! SOON THEY WERE FREE OF THE ENEMY...WHO HAD NOW NO STOMACH FOR CHASING FURTHER AFTER BLACK FURY AND HIS BAND...



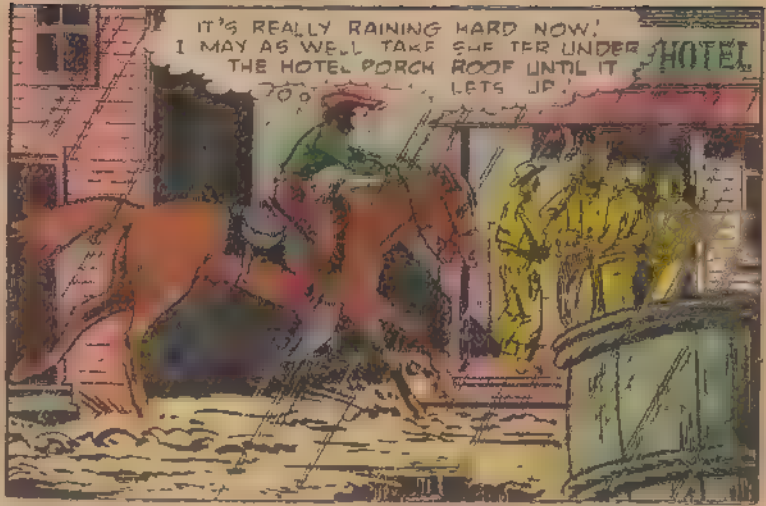
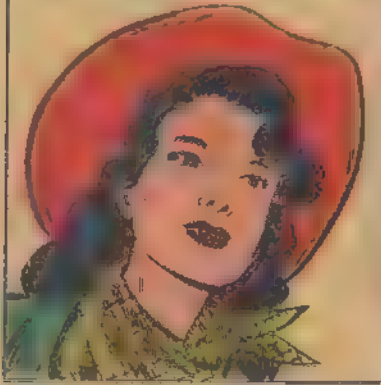
THE SUN WAS UP WHEN THE GREAT BLACK WONDER HORSE BORE HIS CHARGE TO THE INDIAN CAMP! ALREADY THE CHIEF WAS PREPARING TO SEARCH FOR HIS SON! LITTLE HAWK ANSWERED HIS FATHER'S GREETING! SOON HE WOULD TELL ALL THE BRAVES ABOUT HIS EXPERIENCE AND SOLEMNLY THEY WOULD HONOR BLACK FURY.



END

BLACK FURY

**PISTOL PACKING
PATTIE --DEW TELL!**



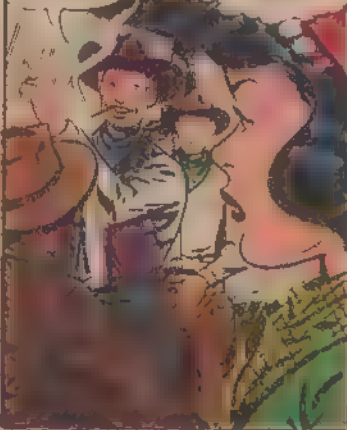
IT'S REALLY RAINING HARD NOW!
I MAY AS WELL TAKE SHE TER UNDER
THE HOTEL PORCH ROOF UNTIL IT
LETS UP.

HOTEL

OW, OH, LOOK WHO'S THERE...
THAT BIG MOUTH FROM
CALIFORNIA! NOW I'S PROSE
T'LL HAVE TO LISTEN TO
HM TELLING EVERYONE
HOW MUCH GREATER
CALIFORNIA IS
THAN ANYWHERE
ELSE!



POGGONE IT,
DOESN'T IT EVER
DO ANYTHING
ELSE 'ROUND
HYAR BIT
RAIN?



HUH? THIS
S ONLY
THE SECOND
TIME T'VE
RAINED THIS
MONTH.

'SIGH' I RECKON THAR'S
JEST NO PLACE LIKE
CALIFORNIA!
I NEVER
RAINS THAR!



AW, STOP
EXAGGERA-
TING!

EXAGGERATING
NOTHING, THAT'S
THE TRUTH! THEY
NEVER HAVE RAIN
IN CALIFORNIA,
ER, ONLY DEW!



ONLY DEW, EH?
WELL, A I
KNOW IS THAT
WHEN I WAS
IN CALIFORNIA...

I STEPPED OUT OF MY
HOTEL ONE MORNING
AND ALMOST **DROWNED**
IN THE **DEW!**



GULP!!!

HA, HA! THAT'S
SHUTTING HM
UP, PATTIE!



KILLER WOLF



THE MOUNTAIN BLIZZARD fell steadily for three days and three nights.

When the last white flakes swirled lazily to the ground, the North Sierras were covered with a thick blanket of snow. So deep were the great drifts that it seemed almost impossible to move over the slopes without becoming hopelessly bogged down.

But this was the time that rancher Jeff Creighton picked to set out in search of Black Lobo—the killer wolf!

He strapped his snowshoes on tightly and juked a heavy pack on his back, and lifted his well-oiled pump gun. Then he swung out onto the trail that led up into the mountains, in search of the savage wolf that had terrorized his herds for the past five years—and that, a week before, had wantonly slain a dozen head of cattle.

"—a dozen of my best stock," the rancher gritted angrily. "It's time that I finished him off! Once I catch sight of him, in this snow, I'll follow his trail until I get within gunshot. And then—goodbye, Lobo!"

JEFF CREIGHTON was not the first man to have his heart set on slaying Black Lobo. For years the giant, midnight-black wolf had infuriated every shepherd and ranchman in the Sierra Valley. Again and again they had set out to hunt him down! But the crafty, scarred Black Lobo was too wise for his human enemies.

His followers, the gray wolves that hunted in his pack, might be slain—but not he! Again and again he slipped past traps, ignored poison baits, fled just out of gunshot. Veteran of a thousand sneak raids, a hundred battles with challengers, he was not to be caught easily.

"Not easily," Jeff Creighton muttered, striding over the hillside. "But I'll catch him! I'll get him if it's the last thing I do!"

But as the days passed, he became less hopeful. Three times, he found wolf tracks in the snow. But none of them had been made by the broad pads of the tremendous lobo! A few times he saw wild horses outlined against the skies on the lofty Sierra slopes, but he was not looking for mustangs this trip!

At last fate took a hand in the chase! So intent was Creighton on the search, that he did not notice a steep drop in the incline. All at once, the rancher's feet seemed to fall away beneath him. He slid down and plunged beneath the surface of the snow, disappearing up to his waist. At the same moment, he heard a metallic click and felt a vise-like grip close on his leg!

Desperately he tried to pull loose. But it was useless. His leg was held, deep in the snow.

"A TRAP!" Creighton's face twisted. "We set traps out in this section for Black Lobo during the fall—and this was one the boys didn't bring in."

Hopelessly, he looked about him. His rifle lay two yards away on the surface of the snow. He strained to reach it again and again, but in vain.

"If I had it," he husked to himself. "I could defend myself, and maybe pry the trap loose. But without it—"

Without the rifle, the rancher was helpless! His thick trousers and heavy boots protected him from the trap's sharp teeth. But he was doomed to be held there in the snow, held until hunger and cold drained away his life!

MEANWHILE, on a mountainside a scant mile away, another gripping drama was being enacted.

For the past month, Red Roan, king of the wild horses, had been pasturing his herd on the Sierra slopes. When the great snow hit, the graceful scarlet stallion had kept his herd together, huddled against the lashing flakes. When the snow stopped, Red Roan realized that there would be little fodder to be had, so he decided to lead his charges down into the valley.

Starting down, the colts and mares found the deep drifts hard going. But, urged on by Red Roan's imperious leadership and by their own hunger, they fought their way gamely through the snow.

Suddenly Red Roan's head arched back nervously.

His nostrils probed the wind, and his great

dark eyes searched the surrounding slopes. There, moving across the face of a nearby mountain was what he had feared! It was timber wolf pack, led by the giant Black Lobo. For weeks, Red Roan had known they were in the mountains! But he had been confident that he could fight them off . . . or outrun them. But now, hampered by the deep snows, the herd of wild horses would be practically at the mercy of the vicious wolves!

AT that moment, the wolf leader's yellow, glowing eyes sighted the wild horse herd! "AA-Ooooooooo!"

A throaty, menace-filled howl echoed and re-echoed through the mountains as Black Lobo sprang forward toward the herd of mustangs. Baying fiercely, his gray followers raced after him.

At once, Red Roan whinnied a desperate command.

With all his might, he lunged away through the snow, toward the safety that lay in the valley below. The herd followed him, mares and colts alike. But their long legs caught in the clinging drifts, and they could not make much headway, especially the younger colts.

Seeing this, Red Roan moved to the rear of the herd. There, as the first wolves came hurtling to the attack, he waited.

On they came, long fangs slavering, hungry eyes glittering! Red Roan reared back. Neighing angrily, he struck forward with the speed of a rattlesnake. A big timber wolf was flung broken to the snow! But Black Lobo eluded the stallion's hoofs and got in a slashing attack at his flank before he darted away.

The herd floundered on through the snow as Red Roan desperately kept up the rear guard defense. But now more and more wolves were coming up! It began to look as if all of the great red steed's efforts would be futile. Alone, he could never save the herd!

Then a strange thing happened!

As they fought their way along the slope, the wild horses came within yards of where Jeff Creighton stood, pinned by a steel trap in the deep snow.

Red Roan, battling furiously, holding back the wolves, scented the human that was so close to him.

From a corner of his great dark eyes, he saw the rifle, too, where it lay on the snow just out of reach of the man.

What happened after that might have been an accident or might have been intentional!

Moving backward an inch at a time, fighting

a horde of gray-furred demons, Red Roan suddenly pawed at the snow with his hoof. He caught the rifle that lay there with a scooping motion and knocked it a yard over the snow crust!

It slid over the snow and Jeff Creighton shouted, "The rifle! He's given it back to me!"

The rancher clutched the pump-gun, lifted it to his shoulder. The rifle barked! Once! Twice! Three times! At each shot, a wolf fell, his death snarl choking in his throat.

At this moment, Black Lobo, who had launched himself through the air in a death-assault on Red Roan, saw what was happening. As the jaws writhing apart in fury, he swerved in a mighty leap toward the man who menaced his entire pack. The rancher whirled and brought up his gun again.

He pressed the trigger and the shot went true.

Black Lobo shuddered in mid-air and fell to the snow. Jeff Creighton put two more bullets in his carcass. Then he turned to the rest of the wolf pack. But they, cowards all, had seen their master slain, and they fled over the snowdrifts.

Only Red Roan and his wild horses stood there, trembling in every limb, bleeding from a dozen wounds.

Creighton thrust the gun butt down into the snow and wedged it into the steel jaws of the trap. Exerting all the strength in his broad shoulders, he heaved back, using the gun as a lever. The effort cut cruelly into his leg, but he suddenly heard a click, and felt the trap relax about his leg. He had broken the spring. He was free once more.

As the rancher looked up, he saw Red Roan and the herd slowly begin to move away through the snow. They were heading for the valley floor and, with Black Lobo slain, they would probably make it.

JEFF CREIGHTON smiled, and pulled himself up out of the snow.

He cupped his hands and shouted at the distant stallion, "Any time you're hungry, Red just drop around my ranch. I'll give you the biggest darn meal of hay and oats you and your gang have ever had! That's a standing invitation from a grateful cowboy!"

THE END

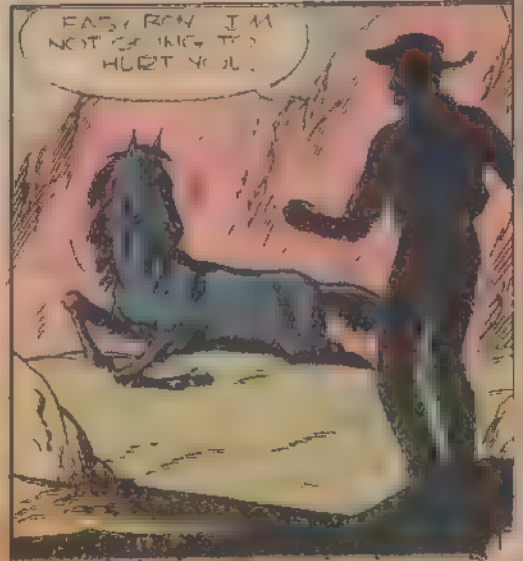
BLACK FURY

BLACK FURY

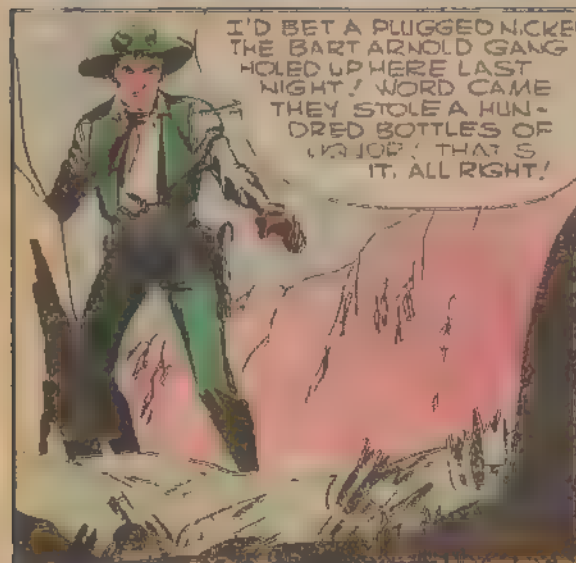
THE
IN GLASS TRAIL



SHERIFF TOM LINGER HAD RECEIVED WORD THAT BART ARNOLD AND HIS GANG HAD HELD UP A SALOON AND HAD HEADED TOWARD GOLDVILLE! THE SHERIFF WAS LOOKING FOR SIGNS OF THE BANDITS, WHEN...



BLACK FURY





此即中法也

WIN
\$100.00
as I
just
did

Millions
became
BIG
HE MEN
through
JOWETT
COURSES
and can
YOU!

**JIM
NORMAN
Foster
He
Mould
Custom**

WIN NEW STRENGTH!
WIN NEW POPULARITY!

Come on P&L, Now YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
In Your Own Home Like Jim Did
and I'll give you A NEW HE-MAN BODY
for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll make you **OVER** by the **SAME** method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for **MANY THOUSANDS** of skinny fellows like you?

Develop YOUR S20 MUSCLES
gain Pounds. INCHES FAST!

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BLACK FURY

THE SHERIFF BOILED THE WATER IN HIS CANTEEN...

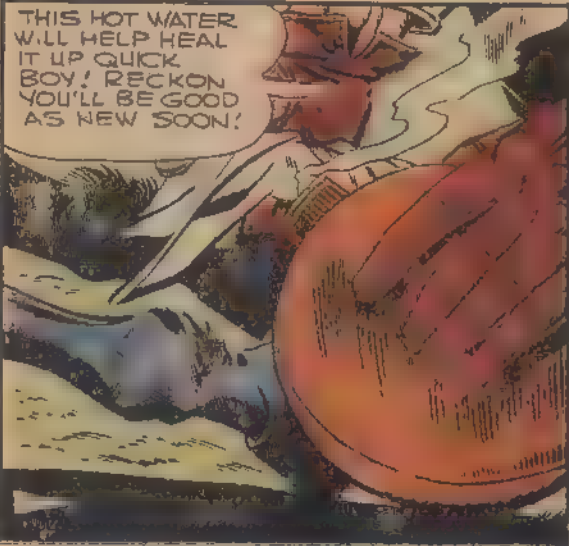
WHILE IT COOLS A BIT I'LL TRY TO GET THE GLASS OUT OF THE HOOF!



CAREFULLY TOM LANGER REMOVED THE GLASS PIECE BY PIECE...



THIS HOT WATER WILL HELP HEAL IT UP QUICK BOY! RECKON YOU'LL BE GOOD AS NEW SOON!

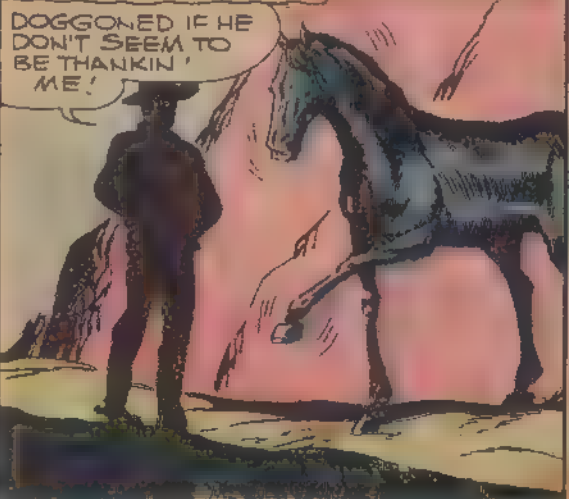


A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE GREAT HORSE ROSE...



HE STOOD LOOKING AT THE SHERIFF FOR A MOMENT...

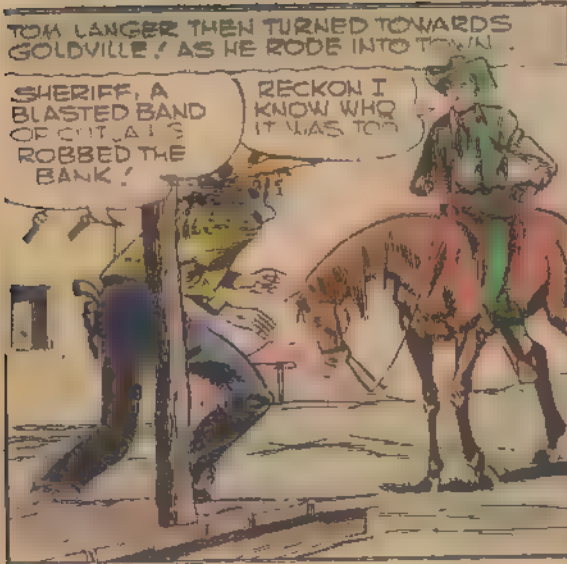
DOGGONED IF HE DON'T SEEM TO BE THANKIN' ME!



THE BLACK FURY TURNED AND GALLOPED AWAY ONCE MORE THE MASTER OF THE PLAINS...



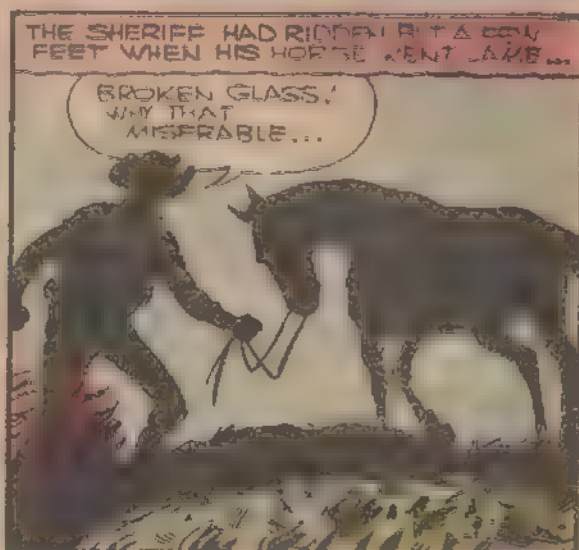
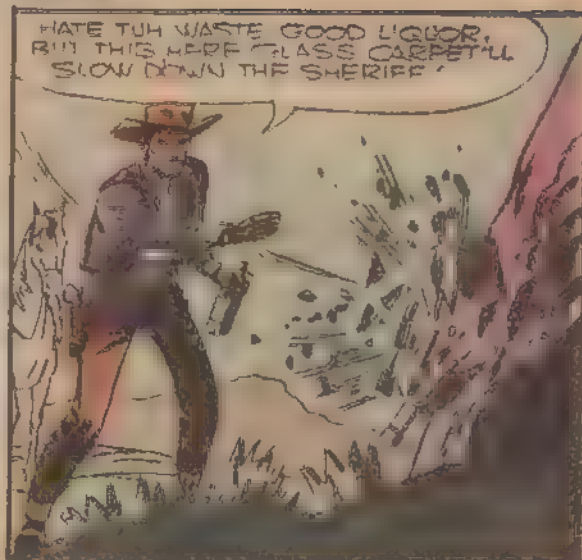
BLACK FURY



BY SUNDOWN THE SHERIFF HAD LED THE DOGGE TO THE BANDIT HIDEOUT

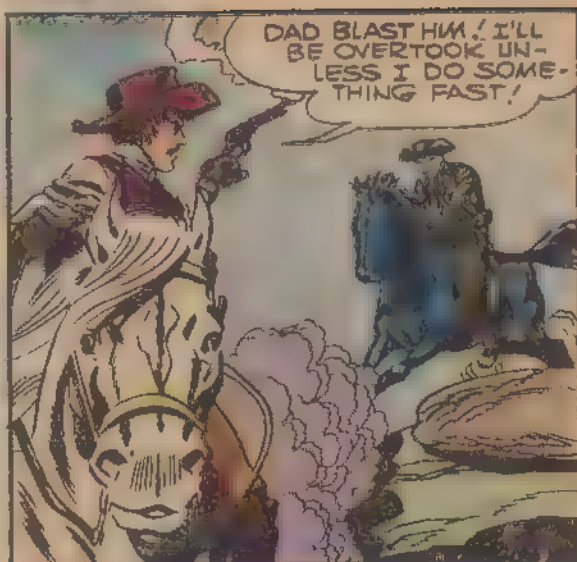


BLACK FURY



BLACK FURY

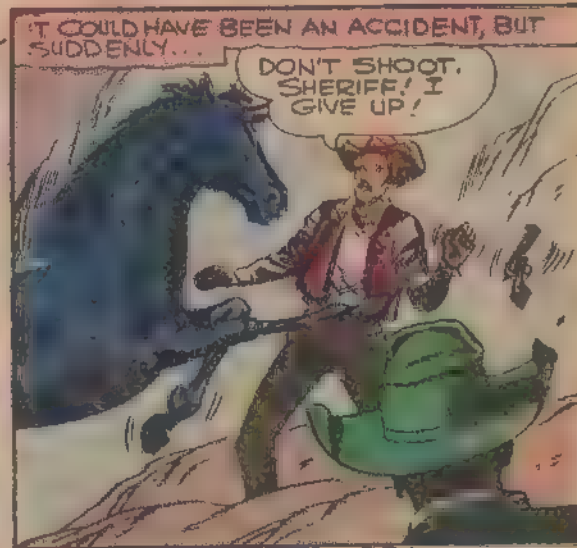
THE BLACK WONDER HORSE FLEW ALONG THE CANYON FLOOR, AS SURE-FOOTED ON THE ROCKY TRAIL AS IF HE WERE ACTUALLY IN AIR...



DAD BLAST HIM! I'LL BE OVERTOOK UNLESS I DO SOMETHING FAST!

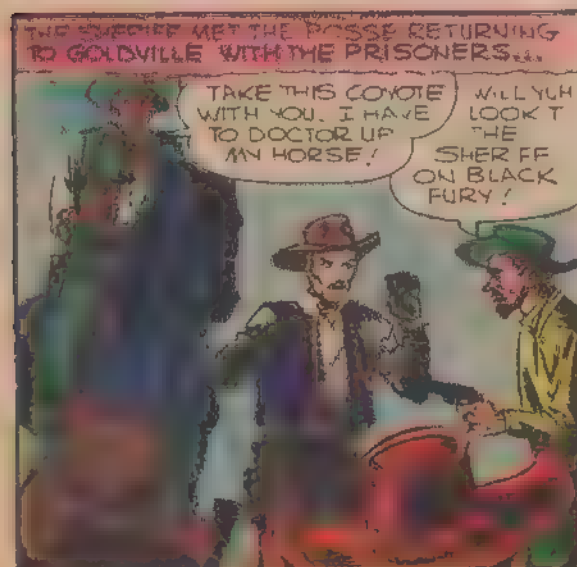


IF I GET TO THE GROUND I MAY DRAW HIS FIRE AWAY FROM BLACK FURY!



IT COULD HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT, BUT SUDDENLY...

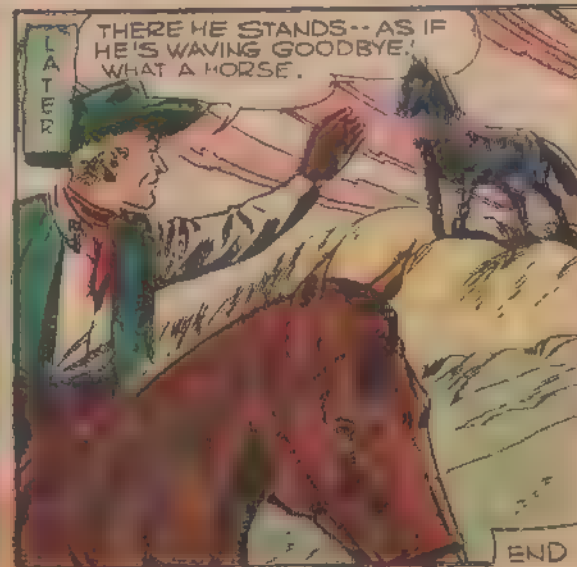
DON'T SHOOT, SHERIFF! I GIVE UP!



TWO SHERIFFS MET THE POSSE RETURNING TO GOLDVILLE WITH THE PRISONERS...

TAKE THIS COYOTE WITH YOU. I HAVE TO DOCTOR UP MY HORSE!

WILL YOU LOOK AT THE SHERIFF ON BLACK FURY!



THERE HE STANDS-- AS IF HE'S WAVING GOODBYE! WHAT A HORSE.

LATER

END

BLACK FURY

IF YOU WERE HALF OWNER OF A GOLD MINE THAT ASSAYED PURER THAN ANY IN THE WEST YOU MIGHT EXPECT SOME WOLFCAT TO FIRE AT YOU POINT BLANK WITH HIS COLT OR GET YOU FROM BEHIND WITH HIS WINCHESTER BUT YOU WOULDN'T EXPECT SUCH TREATMENT FROM AN HOMBRE IF THE TWO OF YOU WERE...

PARDNERS!



SURE, I'M BETWEEN JOBS, 'CAUSE I'M TIRED OF CHAPERONING CATTLE ON A STINKING TWO-BY-FOUR SPREAD! BESIDES...THE ROUNDUPS ARE ALMOST OVER...

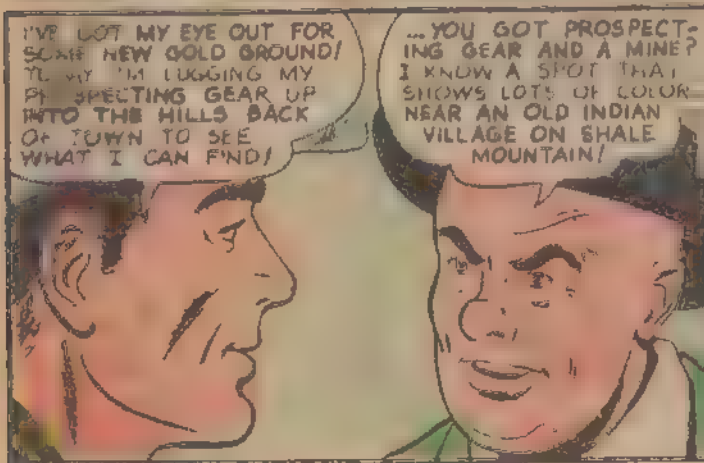
SO YOU'RE OUTTA WORK, EH...
DOWN AND OUT, MAC?



GET THAT GUN OUT OF MY RIBS, COWBOY...YOU TRYIN' TO BE FUNNY..?



BLACK FURY



AS MAC AND JESS RANCHED ALONG THE TRAIL, UP AHEAD STOOD A YOUNG INDIAN GIRL, OBVIOUS OF THE WHIPPING REINS, COMPLETELY ENGROSSED IN GATHERING THE COLORFUL MOUNTAIN FLOWERS GROWING ON THE STEEP SLOPES!



BLACK FURY

SHE WAS YELLOW FAWN, DAUGHTER OF THE CHOCTAW CHIEF, TALL FEATHER! SUDDENLY, REALIZING THAT SOMEONE IS APPROACHING, SHE TURNS WITH A START, AND...



BY THUNDER, IT'S AN INDIAN GAL... AND WHAT A FALL...

SHE'S LUCKY IF SHE'S ALIVE



ANYHOW, WE JUST CAN'T LEAVE HER THERE FOR THE BUZZARDS! WATCH THAT THIS ROPE DOESN'T SLIP I'M GOING DOWN

RIGHT!



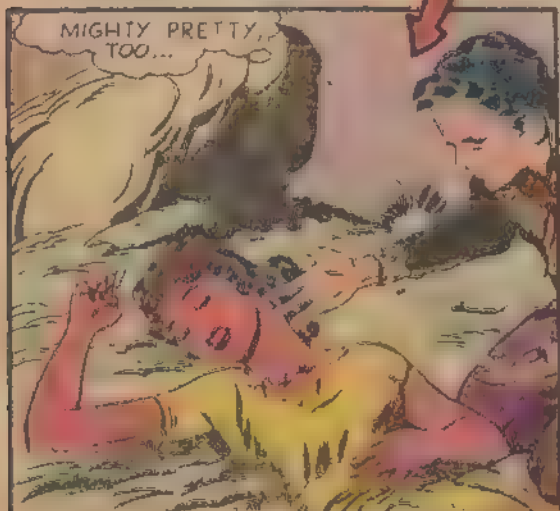
SHE LOOKS A LITTLE YOUNG TO BE A MOUNTAIN CLIMBER



AND DOESN'T WEIGH HARDLY ANYTHING EITHER!



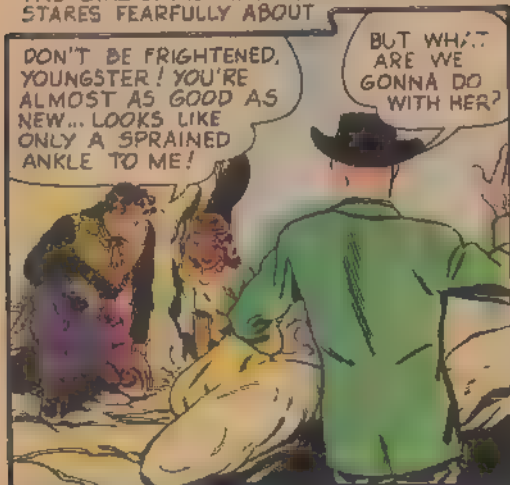
MIGHTY PRETTY, TOO...



BLACK FURY

SOON AFTER THE PAIR REACH SAFETY THE GIRL OPENS HER BROWN EYES AND STARES FEARFULLY ABOUT

SUDDENLY, A BLOOD-CURDLING CRY SPLITS THE AIR...



DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, YOUNGSTER! YOU'RE ALMOST AS GOOD AS NEW... LOOKS LIKE ONLY A SPRAINED ANKLE TO ME!

BUT WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO WITH HER?



WAAH-YAHOO-EEAY-WAH!

WHAT THE...?!

JUMPIN' BLUE BLAZES!

OUT OF NOWHERE APPEARS TALL FEATHER WISE CHIEF OF THE CHOCTAWS! AT A GLANCE HE APPRAISES THE SITUATION...

YOU HAVE SAVED MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE, MY GOOD FRIENDS! THE CHOCTAW NATION IS INDEBTED TO YOU. COME FOLLOW ME AND I WILL LEAD YOU TO GOLD ENOUGH FOR TEN CHIEFS!

WHAT'S THAT?

HUH? SAY...



TALL FEATHER SENT HIS DAUGHTER BACK TO CAMP WITH A BRAVE, AND THEN LED THE TWO PROSPECTORS DIRECTLY OVER THE MOUNTAIN...

I DON'T TRUST THIS REDSKIN. WE'RE ACTIN' LIKE DURN FOOLS.. SHOULD HAVE LEFT THE YOUNG UN THERE TO DIE!

WE MUST TRUST HIM. WE'VE NO CHOICE!



THEY REACHED A SMALL VALLEY...AND BESIDE A HUGE PROJECTING ROCK JESS AND MAC WERE ORDERED TO DISMOUNT!

THERE YOU ARE...YOURS FOR THE TAKING!

BLUE BLAZES!

YAHOOOO!



GOLD! GOLD!

YOU, MY FRIENDS, TAKE ALL YOU WANT, WHENEVER YOU DESIRE... BUT BRING NO OTHER WHITE MAN HERE!

DON'T WORRY, TALL FEATHER, WE'RE NOT LOCO!!



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HIT IT...

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STRETCH IT...

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City

State

Zip

BLACK FURY

JESS BAILY AND MAC MORGAN WERE PRACTICALLY STRANGERS, BUT FATE MADE THEM PARTNERS... WEALTHY PARTNERS! THEY BEGAN MAKING PLANS AT ONCE...

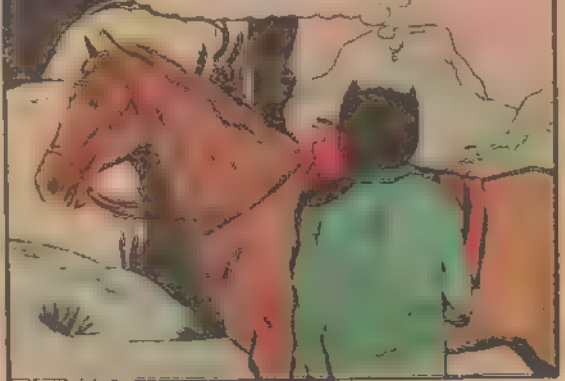
YOU HANDLE THIS END OF THE OPERATION, JESS... GATHER THE GOLD AND BRING IT INTO TOWN IN YOUR SADDLE BAGS TO ME. I'LL TAKE CHARGE OF THINGS THERE... DISPOSING OF EACH SHIPMENT YOU BRING IN EVERYTHING'S GOT TO BE HUSH-HUSH!

SO IS ME!



SO JESS STAYED ON TO WORK THE CLAIM AND MAC LEFT TO HANDLE HIS DUTIES IN TOWN... BUT MAC DIDN'T GO FAR.. ONLY DOWN THE TRAIL LESS THAN A MILE...

I NEED A PARTNER LIKE I NEED A HOLE IN THE HEAD... BUT I KNOW EXACTLY HOW TO FIX THINGS... HEH... HEH...



IT WASN'T MUCH LATER WHEN JESS CAME POUNDING ALONG THE TRAIL WITH A LOAD OF YELLOW DUST, NOT SUSPECTING THAT HE RODE TOWARD HIS DOOM!

AT THIS RATE WE'LL BE RICH IN NO TIME!



WHEN A FIELD MOUSE, STARTLED BY THE NOISE OF HOOFES, DARTED FROM THE SHADE OF A THICKET

WHOA, BRONC WHAT SPOOKED YOU? OH THAT LITTLE MOUSE!



THE LITTLE BODY HIT THE TRIP STRING, AND...



THUNDERATION! WHAT HAPPENED...

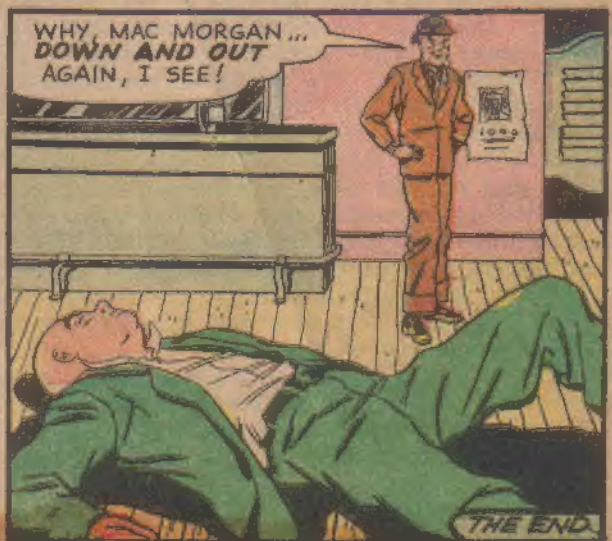
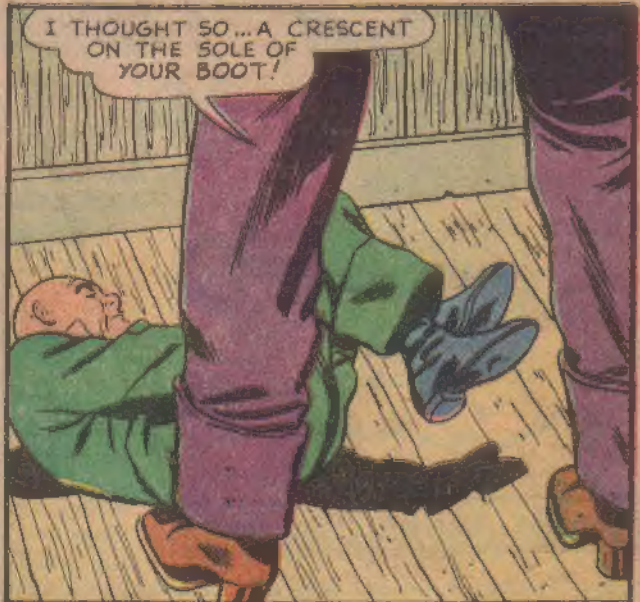
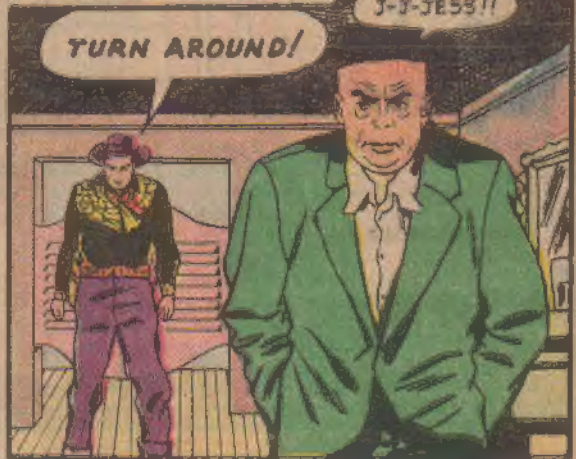


BLACK FURY



IF HE WERE RIGHT, JESS KNEW WHERE MAC WOULD BE DOING HIS CELEBRATING ... IN THE RED DOG SALOON!

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Also include the COLOR OF HAIR AND EYES with your picture, so I can also give you our bargain offer on a second enlargement artfully hand colored in oils for natural beauty, sparkle and life, like we have done for thousands of others.

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